



and

10c

CHARLES STARRETT as

DURANGO KID

NO. 26

The DURANGO KID

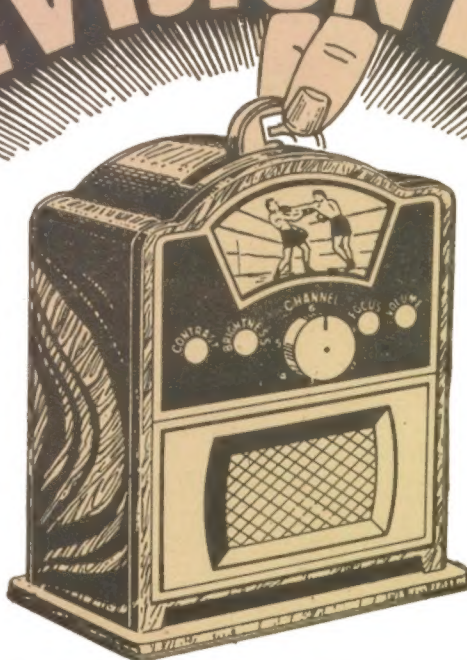


THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP! LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A MONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 1/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU.** Bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!**

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. J. S., New York 2, N. Y.

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- ☐ Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 3 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____
(Please Print Plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

- ☐ I enclose \$2.00 You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

Charles Starrett as THE DURANGO KID, November-December 1953. Vol. 1, No. 26. Published every other month by Magazine Enterprises, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Publication and Subscription Offices, 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7, Mo. Executive, Editorial and Subscription Offices, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Subscription in U.S.A. \$1.50 for 12 issues; other countries, \$2.00. Entire contents copyrighted 1953 by Magazine Enterprises. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions, other than the title character appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A.

The DURANGO KID

ART BY FRED GUARDINER

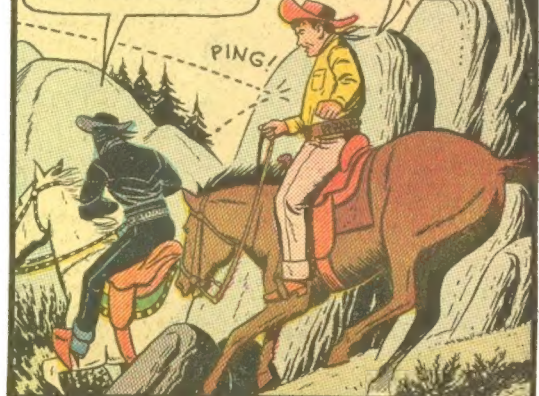
WHEN A CERTAIN HOMBRE WENT AFTER A PRICELESS SECRET, HE MEANT TO GET IT - AND MURDER WAS THE LEAST THING TO STOP HIM. AND WHEN THAT HOMBRE CAME UP AGAINST **THE DURANGO KID**, THERE WAS A HOLIDAY OF VIOLENCE! IN FACT, THERE WAS A YEAR OF DANGER JAM-PACKED INTO ONE DAY OF "AMBUSH!"



ONE DAY, RETURNING FROM AN OWLHOOT-BUSTING EXPEDITION...

WELL, HERE'S THE HIDEOUT. IT'LL BE GOOD TO GET OUT OF THIS GETUP...

YIPE!
WH-WHUT WUZ THET?



AND I HEAR THE SOUND OF SHOOTING COMING FROM THAT WAY. LET'S GO, PARDNER!
A SPENT BULLET!

BANG!
BANG!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

IT'S AN **AMBUSH!**
FOUR AGAINST ONE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE STORY IS - BUT IT'S ALWAYS SAFEST TO SIDE THE UNDER DOG. KEEP ME COVERED FROM HERE, MULEY - I'M GOING IN!

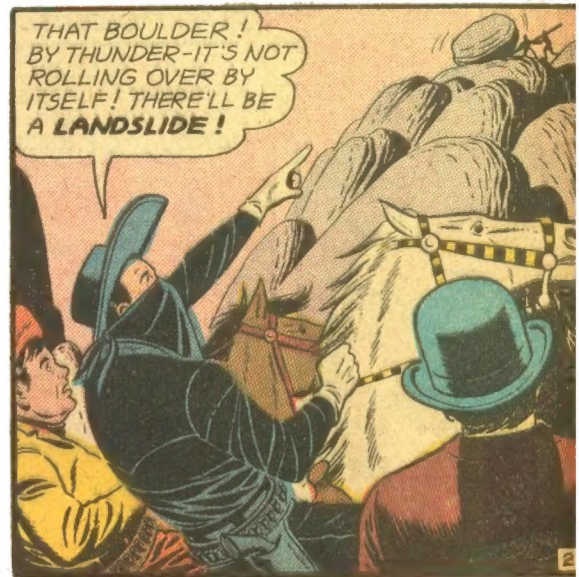
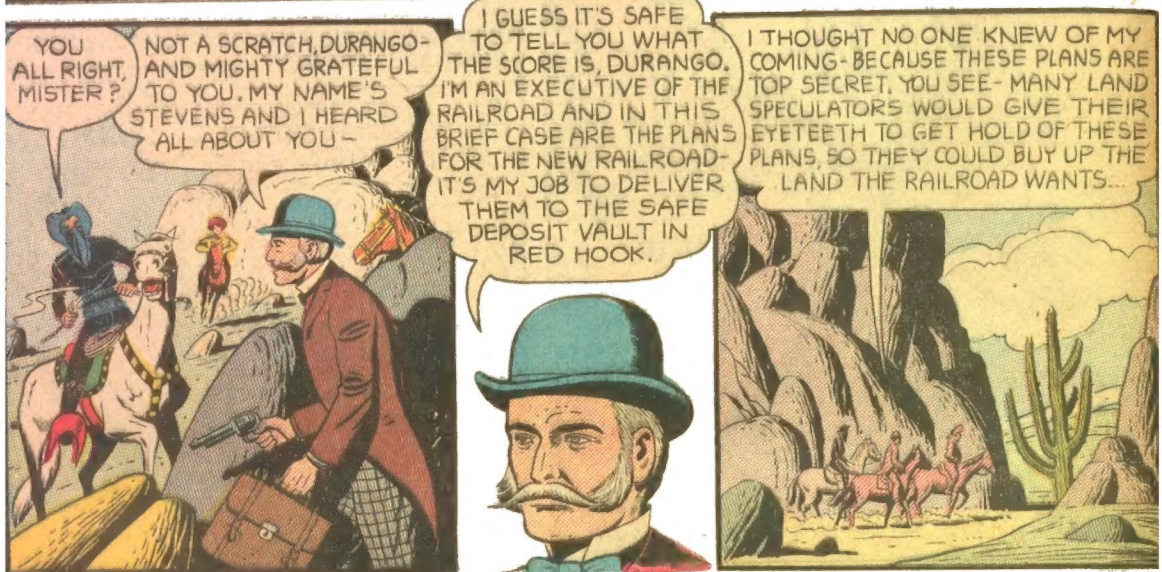
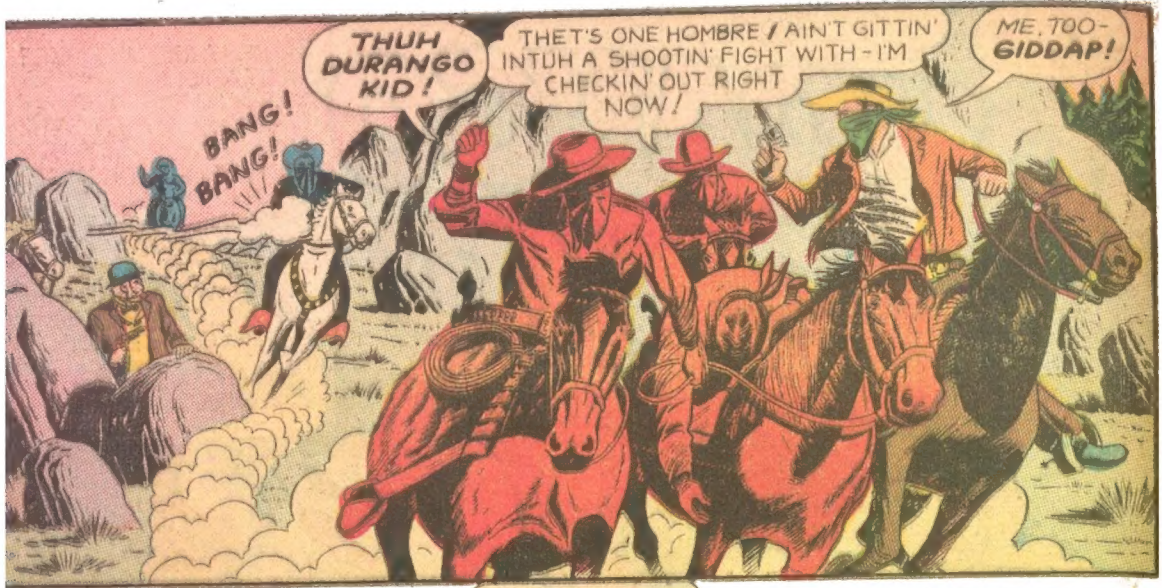
BANG! BANG!
BANG!



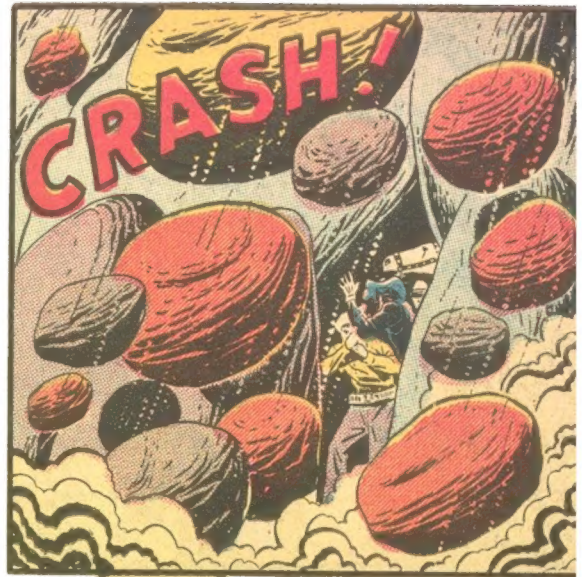
POUR IT ON, RAIDER-YAHOO!



THE DURANGO KID



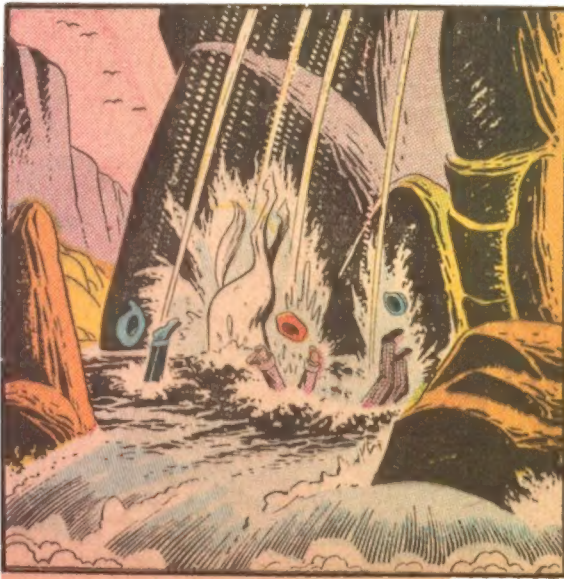
THE DURANGO KID



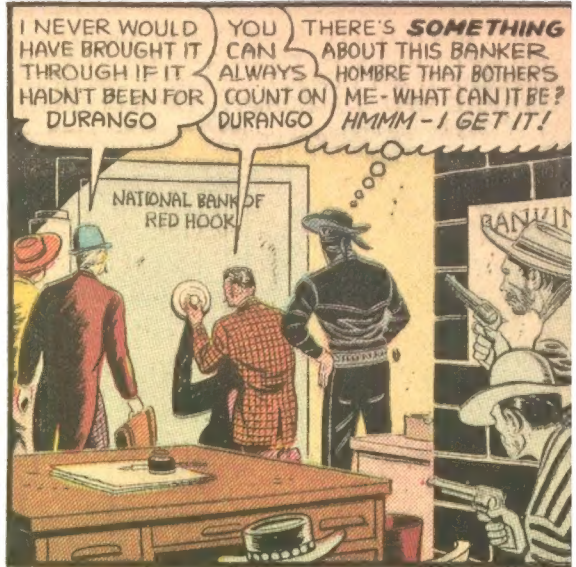
THE DURANGO KID

THAT SOUND! A RUMBLE... BECOMING A ROAR... GETTING CLOSER... **GOOD HEAVENS, IT'S-!**

RUMBLE! RUMBLE!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



Get PRIZES... make money this Easy Way

JOIN thousands of boys and girls who get fine prizes like these every year. Many prizes shown here and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling one order of 24 Christmas Packs at 25c each. Some prizes require extra money as stated. Many boys and girls sell the packs in one day and get their prize AT ONCE. You can, too.

It's easy to sell these pretty Christmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each Pack contains

4 Christmas Cards, 4 envelopes and 32 sparkling Christmas Seals in brilliant colors—40 pieces for 25c. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Prize Book, or keep \$2.00 cash on each 24-pack order you sell.

Mail coupon TODAY for one order of Christmas Packs and Big Prize Book showing more than 70 thrilling prizes. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU. American Specialty Co., Dept. 313, Lancaster, Pa.



70 GREAT PRIZES TO CHOOSE FROM

Basketball Outfit • Cork Gun
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Daisy's Red Ryder Air Rifle
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Ukulele with Arthur God-
frey's famous player
Boys' Radium Dial Wrist
Watch • Woodburning Set
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Crystal Radio Kit
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Identification Bracelet
Ready-to-fly Jet Airplane
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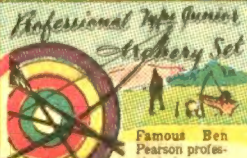
and
many
more



GOLDEN TRUMPET
Heavy gold-plated, over 13" long!
Play bugle calls, marches, songs
(without lessons). Carrying
case included. Sell only one order.



BOYS' GIRLS' WRIST WATCHES
Dale Evans Bracelet Watch for
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**Professional Type Junior
Archery Set**
Famous Ben
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sional type
Archery Outfit.
Includes 54 inch handsewnly fin-
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arrows, target-face, instructions.
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CAMERA
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Flash camera, 4 bulbs, batteries
and film, all given. Takes pictures
in black and white or color. Sell
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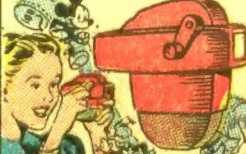
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Famous Chemcraft Set for inter-
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Chemical Magic. Sell one order.



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TRAVEL
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Girls will love this handy over-
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Has mirror, lock and key. Sell
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Beautiful 24K gold-plated Locket
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See Walt Disney cartoons, cow-
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Win a Super Deluxe
Schwinn Phantom Bicycle

Yes, your first order for Christmas
Packs will bring complete details explain-
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Send No Money! Paste Coupon on
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Remco's complete 2-way talking
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KNIFE
OUTFIT**
Husky hunting knife
plus 4 blade camp
knife. Both given in
double leather belt
sheath. Given for sell-
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Ideal for
beginners.
Complete in-
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song book, Nylon
strings. Sell one
order plus 50c.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
Dept. 313, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order
of 24 Christmas Packs. I will resell them at 25c each,
send you the money, and choose my prize.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD—START TODAY

THE DURANGO KID

IN THE LAND AGENT'S OFFICE.

YOU'RE SURE DOING A LOT OF LAND BUYING, HODGES. WHAT'S UP?

NOTHING, NOTHING AT ALL! JUST PLAYING A HUNCH!

BUYING LAND, HODGES?

DURANGO! GULP! HOW DID -?

I HOPE YOU DIDN'T FORGET TO BUY A SMALL PLOT ON BOOT HILL!

RR-RMPH!



GOING SOMEWHERE, BOYS?

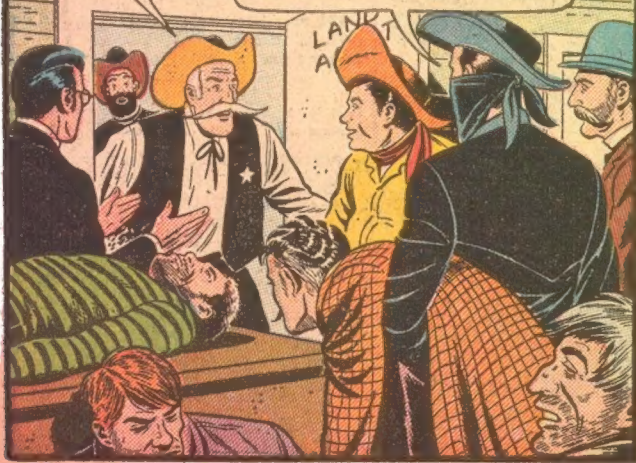


MIGHT I SUGGEST DREAMLAND?



HEY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON HYAR?

JUST A LITTLE QUIET STORY-TELLING, SHERIFF. BANKER HODGES HERE HAS A REAL INTERESTING TALE TO TELL YOU. START TALKING, HODGES!



LATER...

IT WAS GREAT KNOWING YOU, DURANGO! YOU'RE EVERYTHING THEY SAID YOU WERE!

SHUCKS, STEVENS-IT WAS NOTHING, NOTHING AT ALL! LET'S GO, RAIDER - YAHOOO!



THE END

THE DURANGO KID

The DURANGO KID

THERE'S A LONG WAY FROM TOWN TO TOWN-AND THE DISTANCE BETWEEN IS A GANTLET OF TERROR, A TRAIL OF DEATH LIT BY GUNFLAME ON THE
"Train to Danger!"



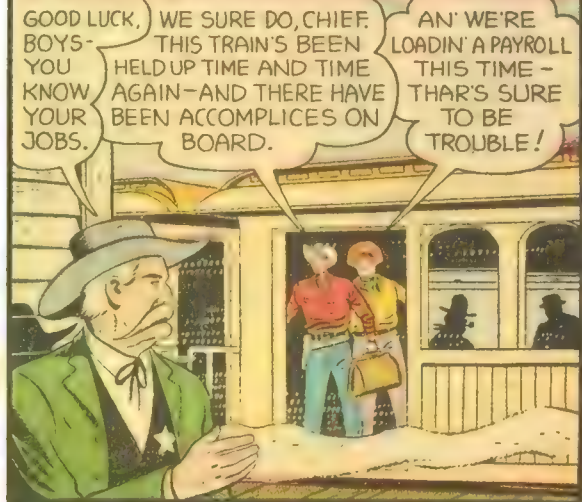
ART BY FRED GUARDINER

AS THE TRAIN TO SKULL JUNCTION LEAVES RED HOOK...

GOOD LUCK, BOYS- YOU KNOW YOUR JOBS.

WE SURE DO, CHIEF. THIS TRAIN'S BEEN HELD UP TIME AND TIME AGAIN-AND THERE HAVE BEEN ACCOMPLICES ON BOARD.

AN' WE'RE LOADIN' A PAYROLL THIS TIME - THAR'S SURE TO BE TROUBLE!



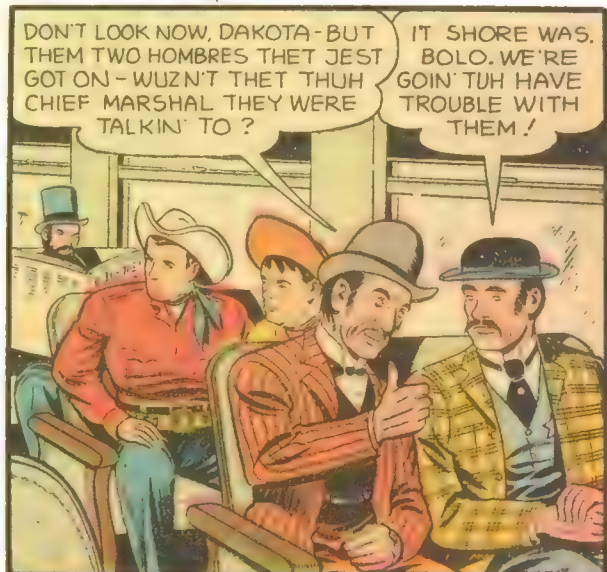
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, MULEY- AND BE READY FOR ANYTHING!

SHORE A LOT O' PASSENGERS ABOARD - BUT NONE O' THEM LOOK LIKE OWLHOOTS TUH ME!



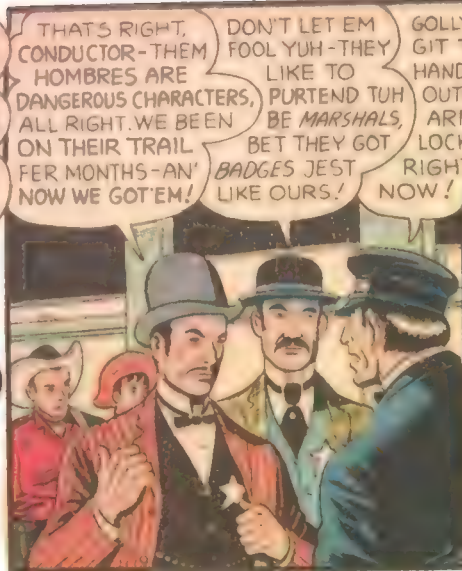
DON'T LOOK NOW, DAKOTA - BUT THEM TWO HOMBRES THEJ GOT ON - WUZNT' THEJ THUH CHIEF MARSHAL THEY WERE TALKIN' TO?

IT SHORE WAS. BOLO. WE'RE GOIN' TUH HAVE TROUBLE WITH THEM!



THE DURANGO KID

NAW-THEY WON'T BE NO TROUBLE. WE AIN'T WEARIN' THESE STOLEN MARSHAL BADGES FER NUTHIN'. DAKOTA! COME ON, LET'S FIND THUH CONDUCTOR...



THAT'S RIGHT, CONDUCTOR- THEM HOMBRES ARE DANGEROUS CHARACTERS, ALL RIGHT. WE BEEN ON THEIR TRAIL FER MONTHS- AN' NOW WE GOT 'EM!

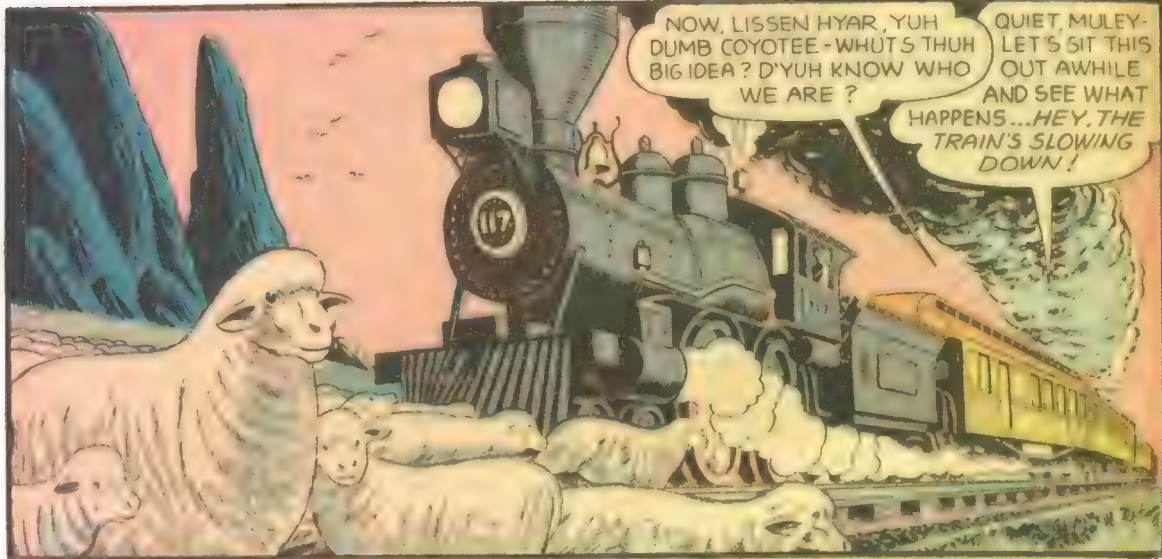
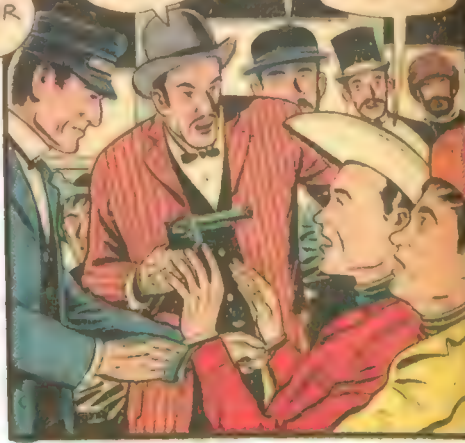
DON'T LET EM FOOL YUH- THEY LIKE TO PURTEND TUH BE MARSHALS, BET THEY GOT BADGES JEST LIKE OURS!

GOLLY! I'LL GIT THUH HANDCUFFS OUTA THUH ARMS LOCKER RIGHT NOW!

ALL RIGHT, HOMBRES- HOLD 'EM HIGH AN' DON'T MOVE!

GIT 'EM ON, CONDUCTOR!

WHAT !?!



NOW, LISSSEN HYAR, YUH DUMB COYOTEE- WHUTS THUH BIG IDEA? D'YUH KNOW WHO WE ARE?

QUIET, MULEY- LET'S SIT THUS OUT AWHILE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS... HEY, THE TRAIN'S SLOWING DOWN!



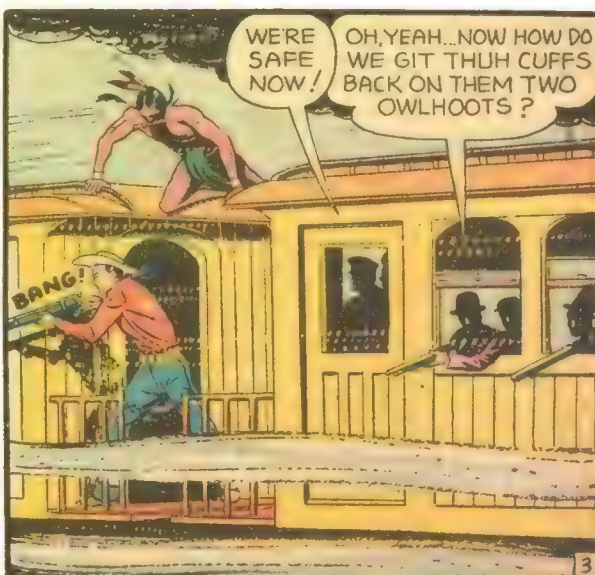
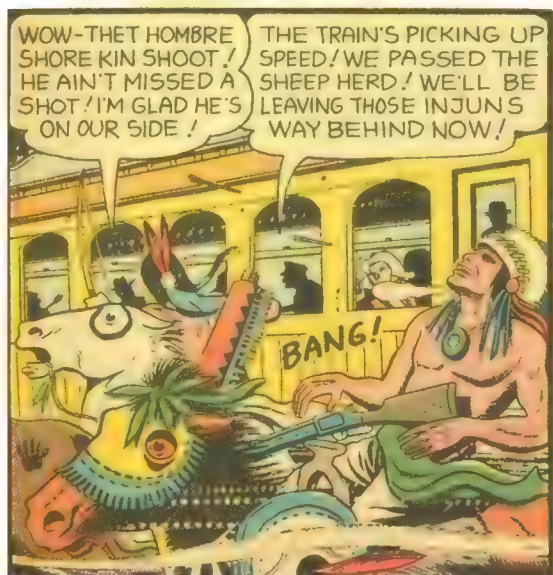
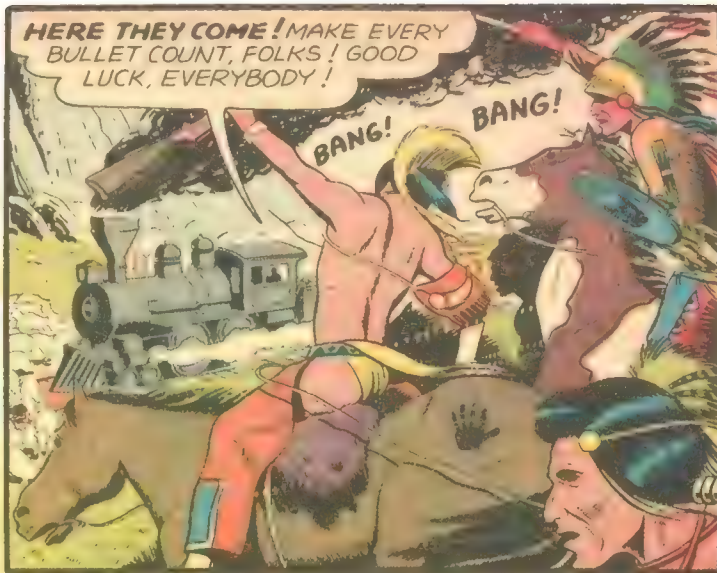
WE'RE SLOWIN' DOWN, ALL RIGHT- BUT IT'S ONLY A HERD O' SHEEP ACROSS THUH TRACKS MIGHT BE SOME DELAY, FOLKS!

SHEEP? **SHEEP!** LISTEN! YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME

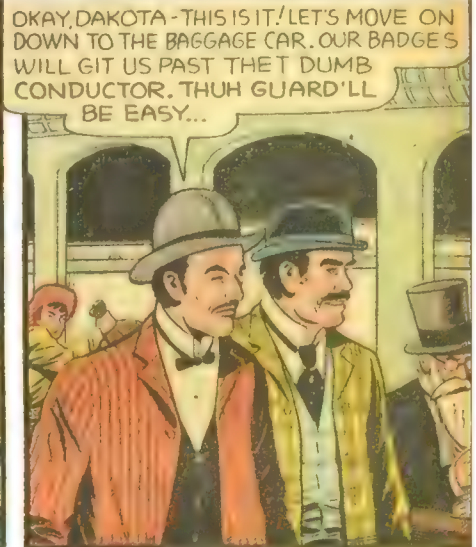
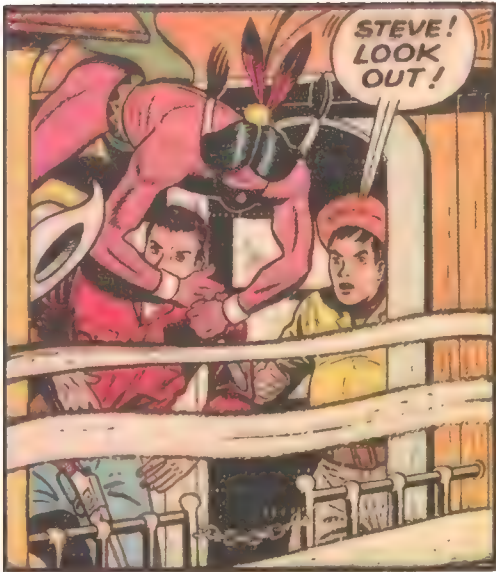
THAT'S AN OLD INDIAN TRICK- TO HERD SHEEP ACROSS THE TRACKS AND ATTACK WHEN THE TRAIN SLOWS DOWN. WE'RE GOING TO BE ATTACKED! GET READY! TAKE OFF THESE HANDCUFFS AND LET US FIGHT!



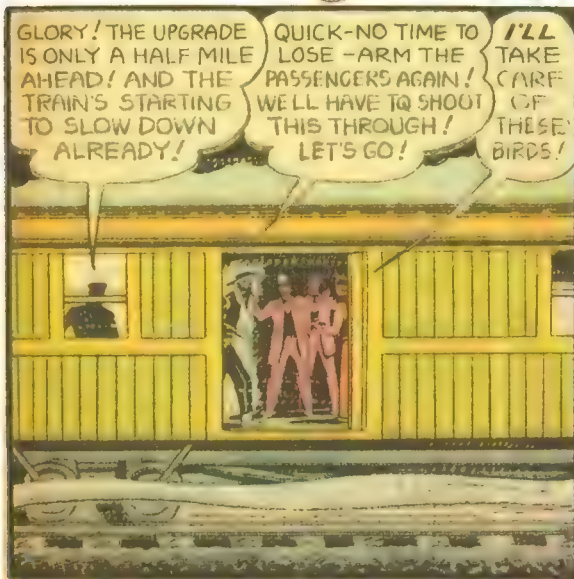
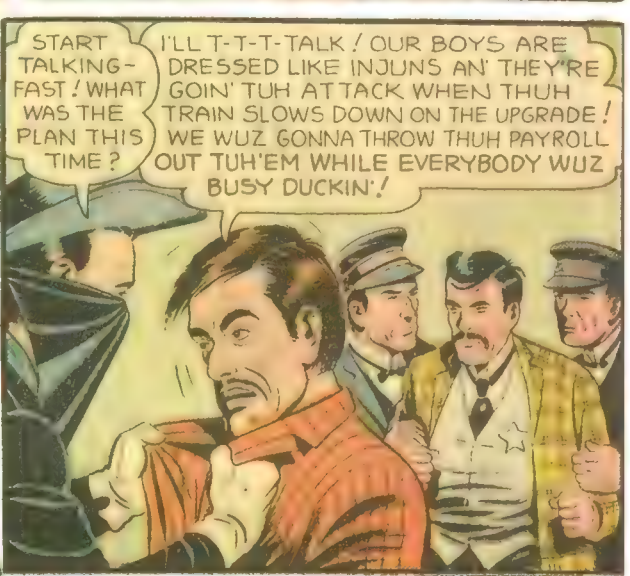
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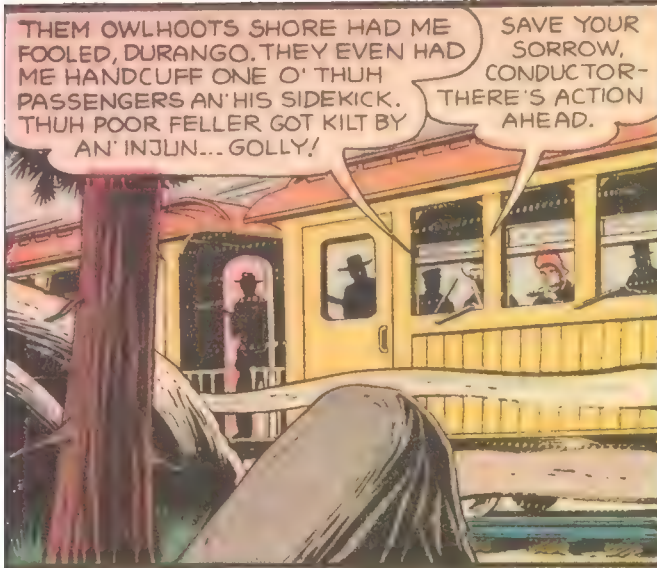
THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THEM OWLHOOTS SHORE HAD ME FOOLED, DURANGO. THEY EVEN HAD ME HANDCUFF ONE O' THUH PASSENGERS AN' HIS SIDEKICK. THUH POOR FELLER GOT KILT BY AN' INJUN.... GOLLY!

SAVE YOUR SORROW, CONDUCTOR-THERE'S ACTION AHEAD.



HYAR THEY COME! GIVE'EM LEAD!

BANG!
BANG!



GIVE IT TO 'EM FOLKS!

WE'RE HOLDIN' 'EM OFF!

BANG!

BANG!

KEEP SHOOTIN'! WE'LL BE OVER THE HILL IN A MINUTE AND THEN WE'LL HAVE IT LICKED!

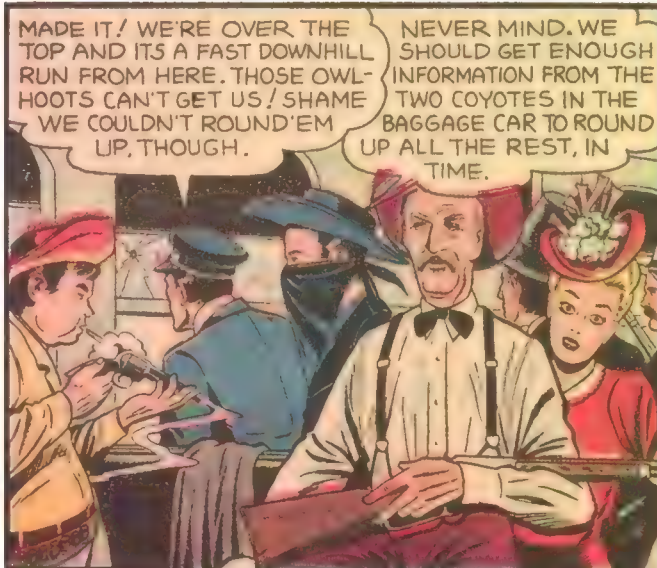
BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



MADE IT! WE'RE OVER THE TOP AND ITS A FAST DOWNHILL RUN FROM HERE. THOSE OWLHOOTS CAN'T GET US! SHAME WE COULDN'T ROUND'EM UP, THOUGH.

NEVER MIND. WE SHOULD GET ENOUGH INFORMATION FROM THE TWO COYOTES IN THE BAGGAGE CAR TO ROUND UP ALL THE REST, IN TIME.

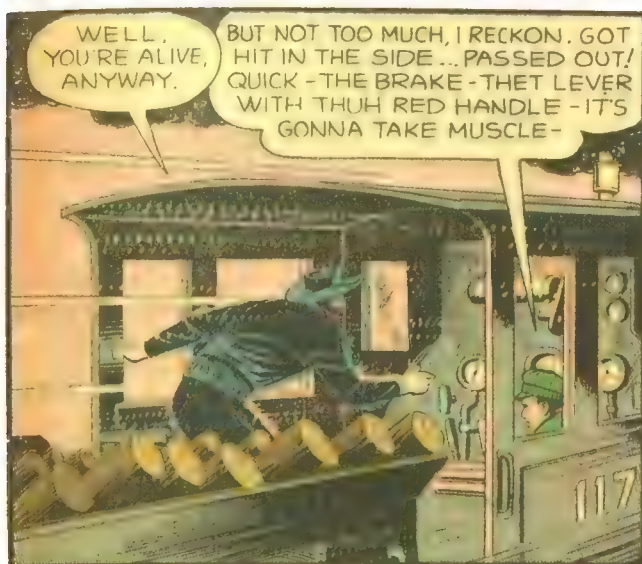
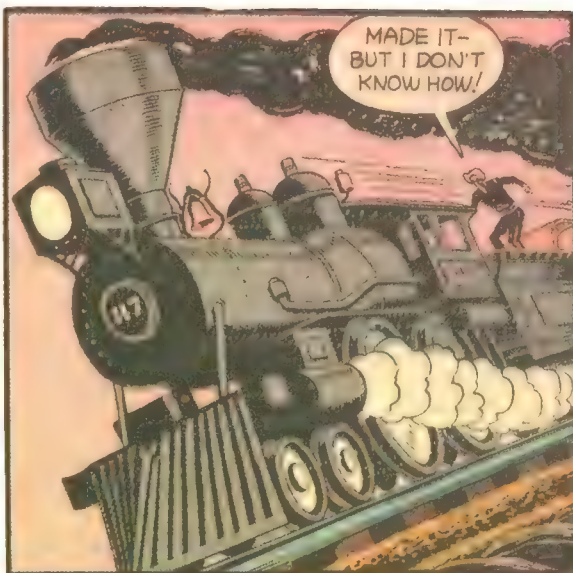


HEY! I KNOW IT'S A FAST DOWNHILL RUN - B-B-BUT AIN'T WE GOIN' JEST A BIT TOO FAST?

WE SHORE ARE! I G-G-GUESS THUH ENGINE'S OUTA CONTROL!

AND THERE'S A SHARP TURN NEAR THE BOTTOM!

THE DURANGO KID



BET ON THE BULLETS!

HE CAME into Hogshead late in a summer day, with the dust of the desert and the sage flats white on his worn levis and faded shirt. His face was lean under the dirty sombrero and burned brown from days of sun-scorched riding. There was only one thing clean about him as he came down from the kak before Ed Harmony's saloon; two things, rather. He wore two Colts strapped low on his thighs, and they glittered where the sun touched them.

The marshal looked at the guns, and at the hard eyes in the brown face; then he went and took his own shellbelt down from the wall, and strapped it on. Then he went out hunting the man that had ridden in.

He found him in the hotel, scrawling his name on the register. Under closer scrutiny, he wasn't a man, but a kid. Hitting seventeen, maybe eighteen. But he'd done man's work. His body was lean and hard, like whipcord. When you saw him move, it was like watching a bobcat stalk through the room.

The marshal said, "Stayin' long?"

The kid said, "Long enough," and waited.

The marshal said, "We don't want trouble. You wear two guns. That's man-size out this way."

"I'm man-size." And the way he said it, calm and soft, made the marshal swallow it. He looked at the marshal a little longer, then he dug down in his levis and took out a worn leather bag and opened it. He shook its contents out on his palm.

The marshal stared down at two gleaming gold cuff-links, set with tiny diamonds in the form of an ace. He choked back the gasp that came to his lips.

"Know anybody 'round here that wears cuff-links like these?" asked the kid.

"No," lied the marshal. "Can't say I do. Purty things. Fancy. I'd remember cuff-links like those."

The marshal was lying, because everybody in town knew who owned the twin to those links. Big Ed Raider, who owned the Dozen Dot ranch half a hundred miles south of Hogshead, and half of Hogshead with it. But the marshal had seen the look in the kid's eyes, and he recognized death when he saw it. He made a mental note to send word to Big Ed to stay away from town come Saturday night. By that time, he figured, the kid would be gone, and there would be no trouble. The town marshal was dead set against

trouble. Trouble always meant work for him, and he was a lazy man.

The kid packed away two steaks that night in Blonde Mary's restaurant. He slept fifteen hours in a hotel bed a self-respecting horse wouldn't rest in. But before he did any of those things, he was down in the hotel stable, brushing down the black mare he rode until her coat shone like rich velvet.

Folks in town figured the kid would hit out for Abilene come sunup. He might have, at that, if he hadn't eaten breakfast with Your-bet Clark, who ran the faro and monte games in Harmony's saloon. Your-bet saw the cuff-links when the kid dropped the little leather bag.

"You win them links from Ed Raider honest?" he asked the kid.

He meant it for a joke, but the hand that caught and twisted his shirt and coat and brought him half up out of his chair made his grin turn sour on his lips.

"Ed Raider," the kid said softly. "So that's what he calls himself! Tell me about him!"

Later, Your-bet claimed the kid hypnotised him with those cold blue eyes. He found himself talking about Big Ed, how he'd ridden into the valley half a dozen years before with plenty of money; how he'd bought out Mike Gargan's Dozen Dot ranch and started working it; how his luck had continued until he owned six stores in town and most of the valley water rights. The gambler said, "He comes into town every Saturday night for a go with the cards at my table."

The kid said softly, "Yeah, he was always a gambler. He likes stud poker and redheads. You got a pretty redheaded dancer or singer in this town?"

"Well, yes. Sure! Toni Trevis. She's Big Ed's girl."

The kid nodded. "So he comes in town Saturday nights. Today's Friday. I think I'll stay over. And by the way — you can forget we had our little talk. Understand?"

The kid just sat there with his eyes cold on Your-bet's brown ones, but it was like he took his gun out and hit Clark between the eyes with it. Clark said later he wouldn't have talked about that conversation even if Apaches had gone to work on him.

The kid hung around all Friday, eating and sleeping, and smoking cigarettes he rolled with a supple twist of his fingers. The whole town watched him. Folks could feel

the tension building in the air. Your-bet Clark had not talked, but the marshal had mentioned the cuff-links, here and there. After a night's sleep, he decided not to send a man out to the Dozen Dot. There were some things had happened here in town since Big Ed hit it that the marshal couldn't explain; and after each one, Big Ed Raider had got richer.

Saturday night came faster than folks thought possible. One minute it was Friday, and the next the lights were on, and the girls in Harmony's place were playing the piano and singing, and business was getting ready for a big night.

Big Ed Raider came into town Saturday night with half his crew. He swung down in front of the Harmony and stalked in, waving to some cronies. He pulled out a chair and began playing stud poker with Your-bet and a couple of his own boys.

He looked up once in a while, a little surprised that so many people were in the saloon. He was saying, "Ed Harmony must make a mite of money here. Think maybe I'll ask him to take me in as a partner," when the kid came in.

He came in easy, his boots making no noise. He was clean, with a new shirt and his boots polished. He even wore a new sombrero, set back off his blonde hair. But those two guns positively shouted. He must have spent hours polishing them.

Nobody said anything. Nobody moved. The kid came in and walked up to the poker table and stood there. Big Ed Raider sat there, and he turned white. His eyes bulged, and his cards fell out of his hands.

"Wally!" he whispered. "I thought —"

"I'm not dead, Ed. You got Paw real good, plumb center in the back, but some Navajo traders pulled me through, after taking out the slug you put in me.

The kid was talking soft, but everybody in that room heard him, because nobody even breathed while he was talking. The kid said, "I hear you done right well with the money you took from Paw. Reckon he was a fool to trust his brother. I always told him a man with no guts would pull a drygulch, give him the chance."

"You can't prove nothing about that killing," said Big Ed, breathing heavily. A crimson flush stole up around his neck. The veins on his forehead stood out clearly.

The kid laughed. He pulled out the little leather bag and upended it, bringing out a tattered picture with the picture of Big Ed, the kid, and an older man. There were three lead slugs, bullets, and a little black notebook. When Big Ed saw the notebook he choked and stood up.

"Sure," laughed the kid. "It's your diary. Tells all about some dealings you had with

a couple Texas banks and stagecoaches. How much you got from each one. It was in Paw's warbag. He was wise to you, Ed. He was givin' you a chance to go straight. You murdered —"

"It's a lie," choked Big Ed. "I never"

Even redheaded Toni Trevis realized Big Ed was lying. She drew back a little from him, looking at him strangely.

The kid said, "I always told Paw you never had any guts, Uncle Ed. He said you did. Maybe he's lookin' on right about now, so it might be a good idea to find out."

The kid took the gun in his left holster out and opened the cylinder. He took out three shells, leaving three empty chambers in the cylinder. Then he twirled the cylinder, and put the gun on the green baize-topped poker table.

"Pick up the gun. Put it to your head. Pull the trigger. If you don't blow your brains out, I'll hand over all these proofs and walk out. You'll never see me again. You got a fifty-fifty chance of keeping everything you've gotten by murder and stealing. If you got guts enough to take that chance, you might win it all."

"No," said Big Ed, staring down at the gun. "No! I —"

The room was deadly still. The only sound was Big Ed's heavy panting, as he looked down at that gun and thought of his chances, weighing the Dozen Dot and his six stores and all the other properties he had around Hogshead, against three bullets and three empty chambers.

"I can't," he said, but he put his hand toward the gun.

Nobody expected Big Ed to pull a gun just then. His right hand dropped and lifted. It took everybody by surprise — everybody except the kid. The kid never seemed to move, but his right-hand gun was in his hand and belching red fire at Big Ed Raider's belly, and it spit that fire three times.

There were two bullets wasted in that shooting. The first bullet killed Big Ed just as dead as all three did. He fell on the poker table, knocked it over, and crashed to the floor. The leather bag, with the three lead slugs and the little black book and the picture fell on his back.

The marshal said to the kid, "I guess as his nephew, you inherit the Dozen Dot."

Curious, the marshal picked up the gun with the three empty chambers. He pulled out the shells and grunted in surprise. They were just shells. There was no powder, no lead in them. The marshal stared at the kid, saying, "The gun wasn't loaded! If he'd taken your dare, he'd have won everything!"

The kid laughed. "I was betting on a sure thing. I told you he had no guts!"

THE END

Dan Brand and Tipi



THERE'S NO FIGHT TOO BIG, NO ENEMY TOO STRONG, NO WALL TOO HIGH FOR **DAN BRAND** AND **TIPi** WHEN THEY FOLLOW THE DANGEROUS BYWAYS OF "THE TRAITOR'S TRAIL!"

EVEN A WOODSMAN TAKES A VACATION ONCE IN A WHILE...

HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SO EXCITED IN A LONG TIME, TIPi!

WHY NOT? THIS WILL BE A TWO-WEEK VACATION AT MY OWN NATIVE MO-HAWK VILLAGE. I HAVE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS!



BLOOD OF MY FATHERS—
LOOK!

SOMETHING'S WRONG!
QUICK!
LET'S GO DOWN THERE!



IT'S TIPi AND DAN BRAND!

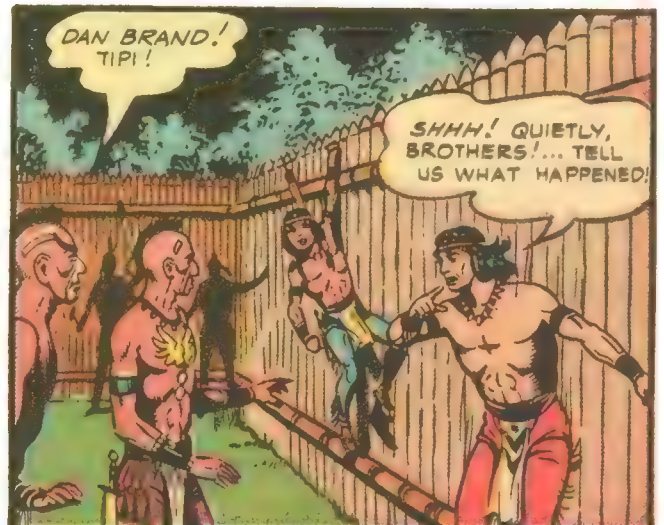
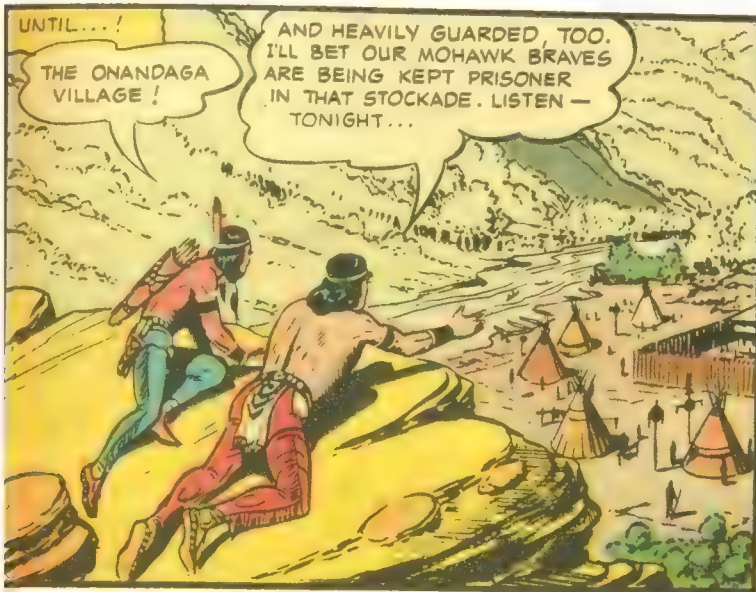
WHERE ARE ALL THE BRAVES?
WHAT HAPPENED?



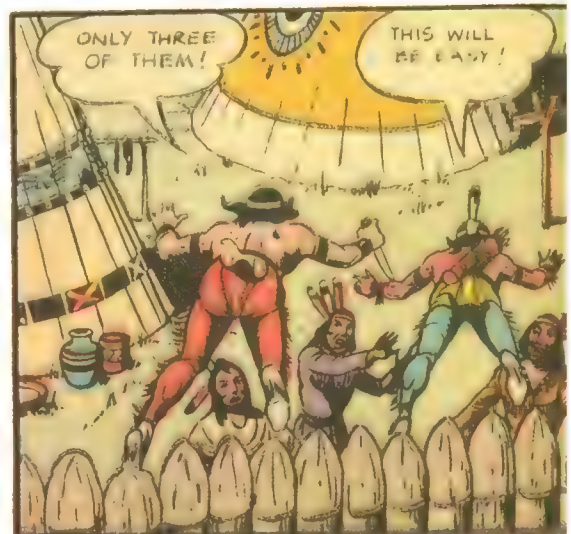
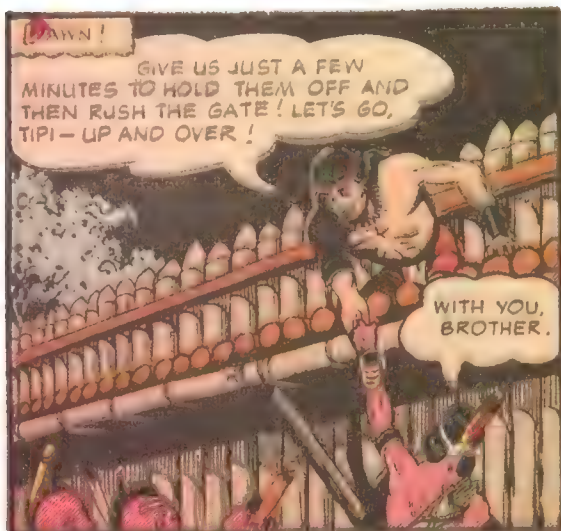
ALL OUR BRAVES ARE GONE—PRISONERS OF THE ENEMY ONANDAGAS! OUR CANOES—EVERYTHING—GONE!

THE ONANDAGAS ATTACKED BY SURPRISE. OUR BRAVES NEVER HAD A CHANCE! WE WERE BETRAYED!

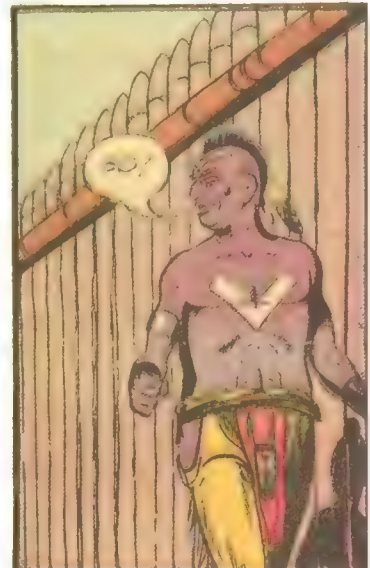
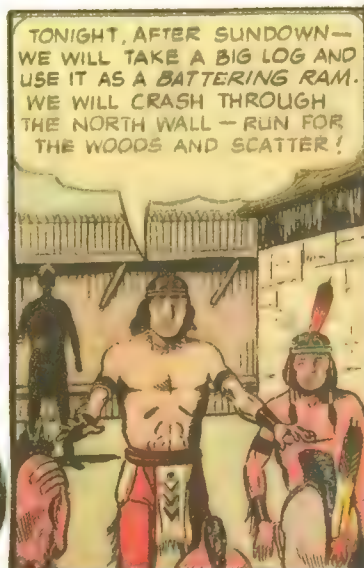
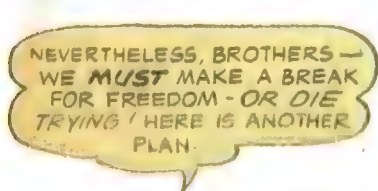
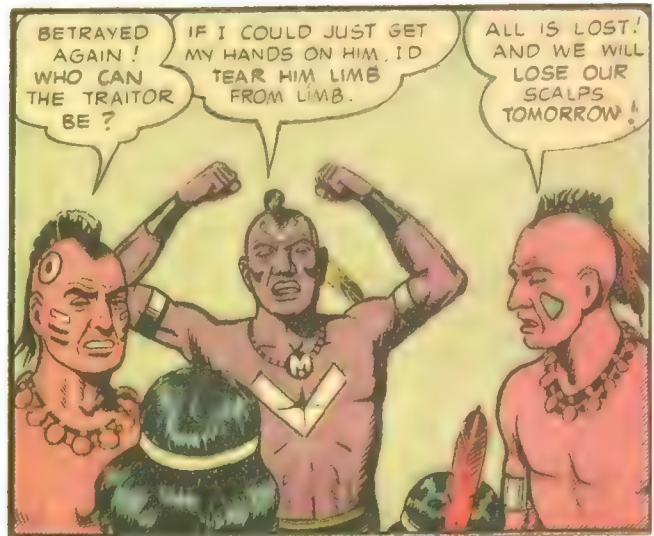
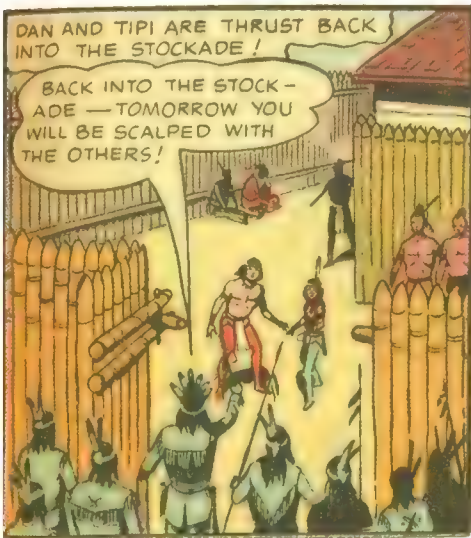
THE DURANGO KID



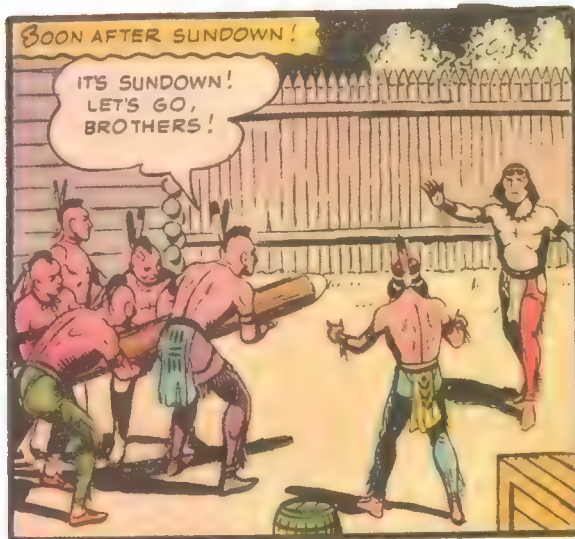
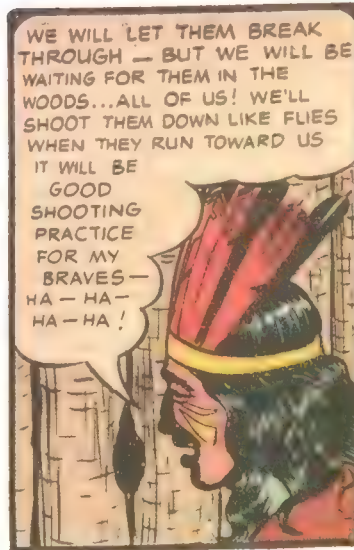
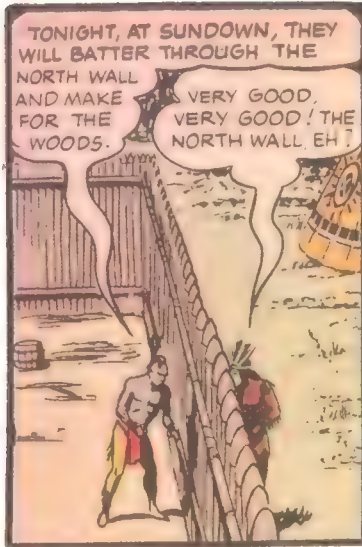
THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



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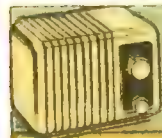
BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN!

The World Is On FIRE

Serve The LORD and You Can Have These

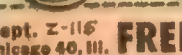
Prizes!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page... or dozens of others, such as rifles, jewelry, basketballs, silverware, home appliances, watches all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. Crime, sin, graft, wars are the greatest they have ever been. Our leaders say a reawakening of Christianity is needed to save us. You can do your share by spreading the gospel into every home in your community. Merely show friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or more to hang in every room. An amazing value! only 35¢ each on sight. Secure big, cash commissions or exciting prizes for selling just ONE SET of 24 Mottos. Big Prize catalog sent FREE! Serve the LORD and earn prizes you want.



HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size, 9x11, richly decorated Mottos ON TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$4.00 you have collected and you can receive your share of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY send \$4.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry—send today for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE.



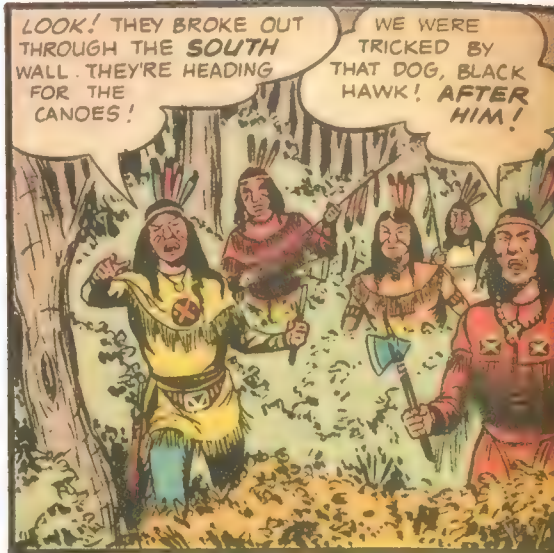
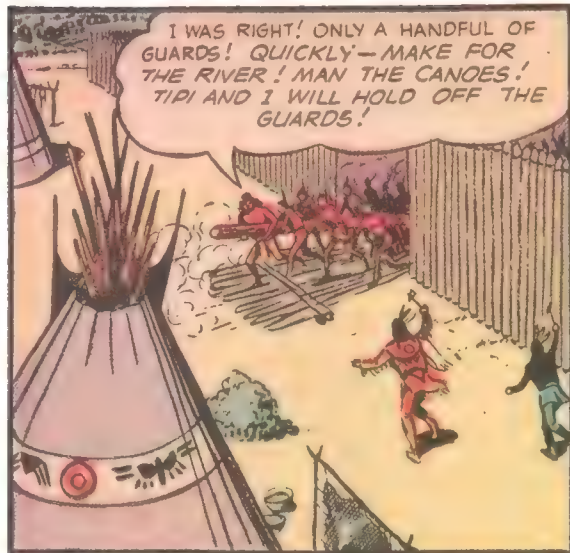
The FUN man, Dept. Z-116 FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG
4545 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill.

Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 25¢ each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount asked within 10 days, select a prize or keep cash commission, as explained under description of prize in big Prize Catalog. PRINT BELOW.

NAME _____ AGE _____
STREET or RFD _____
TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SEND NO MONEY... We Trust You

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

The DURANGO KID

THE MYSTERY GETS THICK AND THE DANGER RUNS DEEP WHEN **THE DURANGO KID** HOPS THE TRAIL OF GOVERNMENT SECRETS! IT'S NO CINCH TELLING SPY FROM

"COUNTERSPY!"

ART BY FRED GUARDINER



ON A RATTLING STAGECOACH NOT FAR FROM RED FORK...

THOSE TWO RIDERS! CAN IT BE...? *IT IS!* THEY'RE STILL ON MY TRAIL! GOT TO GET OUT... GOT TO...



AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT...

WHUT THUH-HEY! I AIN'T CARRYING NO MONEY, HOMBRES! WE DON'T WANT MONEY, DRIVER- WE JUST WANT YOUR **PASSENGER!**



WHILE ANOTHER RIDER WATCHES FROM ABOVE!

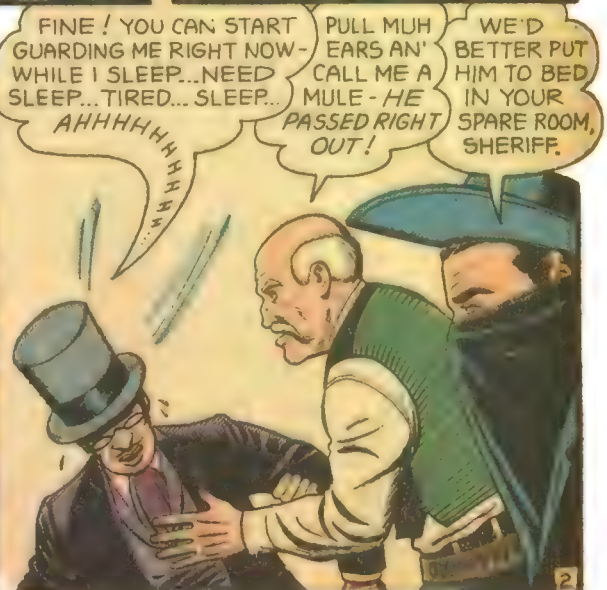
GONE! THUNDER! HE GOT AWAY FROM US AGAIN!

HE CAN'T BE FAR! WE'LL FIND HIM- WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! TIE UP THE DRIVER AND LET'S GO!

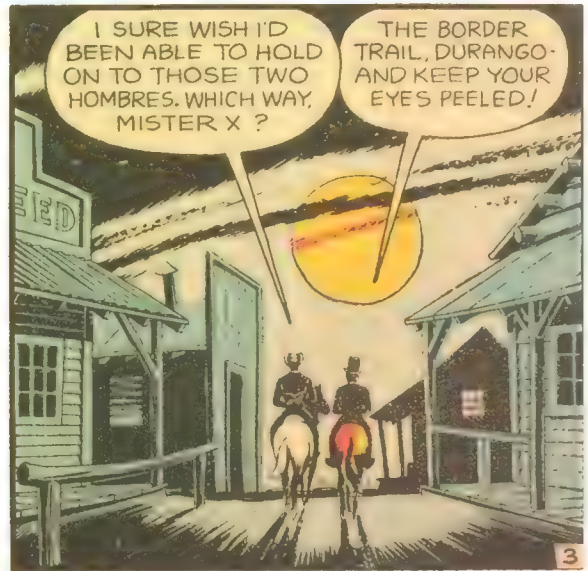
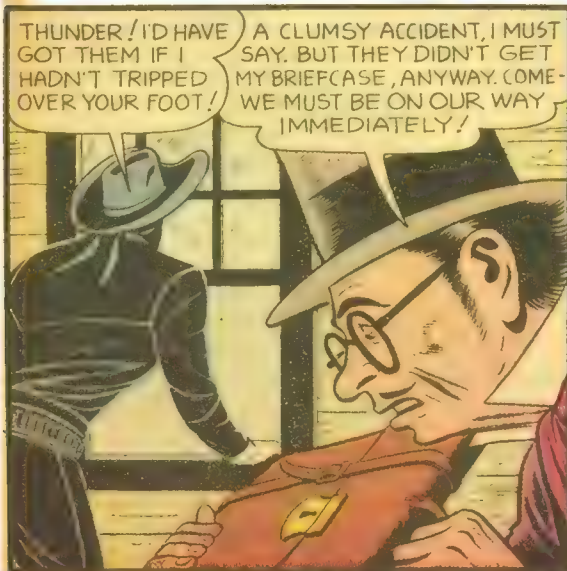
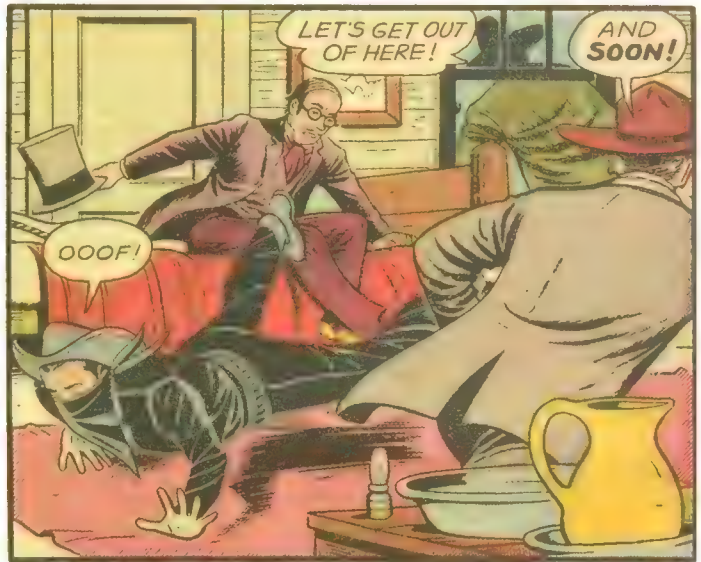
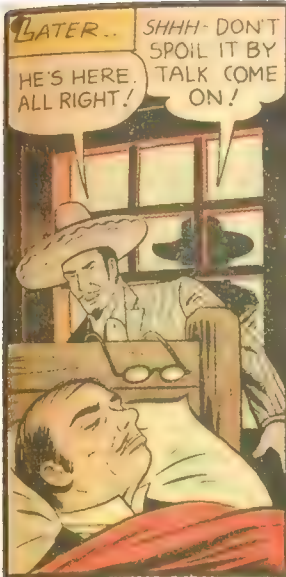
TARNATION! RECKON. THIS MAKES MY JOB EVEN **TOUGHER!**



WHO IS THE MYSTERY MAN? WHY DO SO MANY PEOPLE WANT HIM? THE SHERIFF OF RED HOOK IS ABOUT TO FIND OUT...



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

I SUPPOSE IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS-BUT THE **BORDER'S** A STRANGE PLACE TO BE GOING WITH GOVERNMENT SECRETS.

YOU SAID IT THE FIRST TIME, DURANGO-IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS. JUST GET ME THROUGH SAFELY, THAT'S ALL!



JUST THEN, DURANGO'S SHARP EYES PICK UP A GLITTERING AMONG THE ROCKS AHEAD...

GETTING YOU THROUGH SAFE WON'T BE EASY, MISTER-I SEE THE GLEAM OF A GUN-BARREL UP AHEAD! THERE'S AN AMBUSH COOKING UP FOR US!

IN THAT CASE, LET'S TURN BACK. WE'LL GO AROUND THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN



WHAT? AND LEAVE THOSE DRYGULCHERS ALONE? DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. WE'LL GO STRAIGHT THROUGH-AFTER I SNEAK AROUND THERE AND PUT THEM OUT OF ACTION. YOU WAIT HERE!

I TELL YOU TO LEAVE THEM ALONE! BLAZES YOU'RE GOING ANYWAY!



SILENTLY AS A GREAT CAT, DURANGO CREEPS ALONG THE ROCKS...

I THOUGHT I SAW THEM JUST A MINUTE AGO. THEY OUGHT TO BE IN SIGHT ANY SECOND NOW!

RIGHT! THIS TIME HE WON! GET AWAY FROM US, DURANGO OR NO DURANGO!



AND **THIS** TIME, GENTS-**YOU** WON'T GET AWAY FROM **ME!**

YIIII!



SINCE YOU BOYS WON'T SURRENDER STANDING UP...

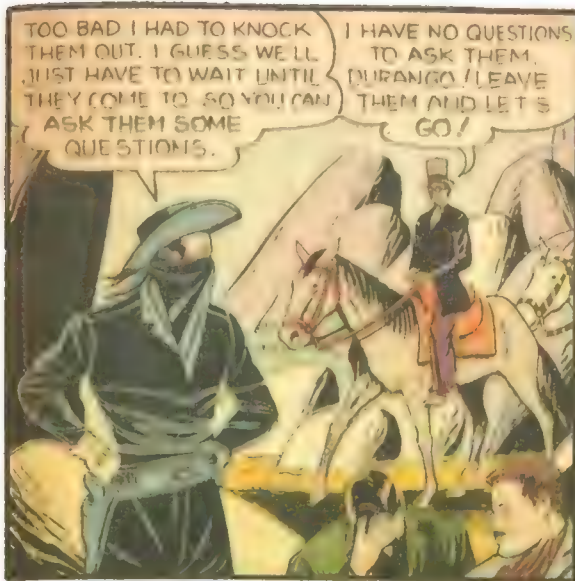


THEN YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE IT LYING DOWN!

SPLAT!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE END

THE TOY THAT GROWS!

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\$1⁰⁰

THE MAGIC PLANT

With each bowl comes a beautiful color book with the Jack and the Beanstalk story. Also nine full-color cut-outs, up to 8" high, including Jack's Mother, Cottage, Cow, Cow's Owner, Beans, Giant, Hen and Golden Egg, and Harp, all on stand-up bases. Jack is designed to hang on beanstalk to look as though he's climbing.



GIANT 8" HIGH
Other Cut-Outs
In Proportion

**JUST ADD WATER
AND WATCH
IT GROW!**



BEANS



HEN
AND
EGG



COW



HARP



COW'S
OWNER



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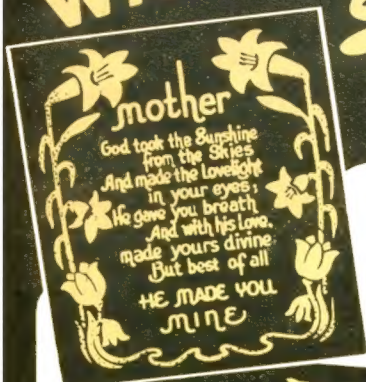
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IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.⁵⁰

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.⁰⁰

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.⁰⁰

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

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FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO ➡

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Im Terrific!

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Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a jiffy! Imagine—you can make **HAPPY the COWBOY** actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of **HAPPY'S** mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties—at school! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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